1:Herskovits & Herskovits E-5 (1928-1929) 1934
SR8 Bush Negroes SR8
Saramacca

609 people kept their distance, and among them some pithy proverbs were spoken to bear upon the shortcomings of the white man. One or two of them turned to repeat to the dead what had been said, and there was great laughter. Sedefo [775] came to assure us that the dead man liked it very much. For the dead, it appeared, were especially susceptible to humor and to exceptional occasions.

964 298 About us, or edging their way toward us, were the younger men in their ceremonial dress, the toga-like cloth covering their bodies, but leaving one shoulder bared for respect, and the women in their knee-length *pangi*, or [301] cloths, hanging from the waist, and their shining brass rings reaching from wrist to elbow and from ankle halfway up to the knee. Among the dancers, but standing somewhat ● [534] aloof, could be seen a man or woman with seed rattles about the ankles. These were the fine dancers. Of them our informant had spoken when he said, "They dance well at Gankwe."

964 [350] 533 Carved stools were placed for us facing the coffin a little to the left of the singers, where we could best see the dancing. One or two lanterns were moved to give us better light. The drummers, who had not left their places, took up the rhythm again—one of the women had us know that the spirit of the dead man had communicated to the spirits of the drummers that he wanted to see the dancing resumed. The singing began—a woman's falsetto voice and a chorus; the hand clapping of the singers and bystanders emphasized the basic rhythm. It was slow at first, then quickened, and the dancing became more animated.

"They dance seketi," whispered our friends. "Later they will dance awasa."

964 535 The dancing was confined to a comparatively small space. It began with a barely perceptible motion of the feet of the dancers to the rhythm of the drums and the hand clapping. Then the feet began to execute figures in place, without leaving the ground, the arms hanging loosely at the side. This was continued for some time, until, arms flexed and held rigid at the elbow, and knees bent but rigid, too, the

1: Herskovits & Herskovits E-5 (1928-1929) 1934
SR8 Bush Negroes SR8
Saramacca

intricate steps began. The movement of the feet, angular and precise, was reiterated by the outstretched palms, while all the muscles of the hips took up the rhythm. Now one of the men with the seed rattles at his feet danced facing a woman who also had these rattles, and the dance became theirs with a chorus of dancers moving more and more to the side, keeping the rhythm with the feet. The drums beat faster, the hand clapping became louder. Those two balanced their bodies as they bent their knees lower and lower, all the while executing the figures with feet, arms, and hips, and how unaware they seemed of the audience! And even of each other, for what awareness there was to quicken the pulse of the dancing was more than one man's awareness of one woman. It might have been a dance to Asaase—the great Earth Mother—but it was, in fact, dancing for the dead, for the two would turn again and again to face the coffin, as the others had done, except during the intervals when they recalled the white man and woman in back, and turned to dance to us and our flashlights.

Seketi, awasa. . . . The dances changed, and the songs, and the drum rhythms changed, too. The children at our feet had fallen asleep and lay doubled over, their heads resting upon their toes. More men joined the dancers. It was long past midnight. The women who had infants on their backs moved away silently in the direction of their huts, but when an elderly woman tried to go, too, she was reprimanded and sat down again.

There was another leader for the singing, and another. A man's falsetto was heard in a long recitative that preceded the dancing to the massed voices of the chorus. He faced now the dead, now us, as he improvised. Once more it was gay.

The dancing became more and more spirited, but when a dancer had continued in the circle for some time, an older woman coming forward from among the bystanders would put her arm about her and exclaim the singsong, "*Adoe!* . . . *Adoe!* . . . *Adoe!*" Others came forward to con-

Herskovits & Herskovits E-6 (1928-1929) 1934
Bush Negroes
Suriname

And did men speak into the horn, and sing? Would there be no harm to the *ai'e*—the soul?

Their own trickster, Ananzi, the spider, working with his fabulous cunning, could not have spun the stories about the whites faster than had the passing boats. From boat to boat, from boat to shore, from shore to village the news went. Had the white man come with guns, or had he come accompanied by many others, then, to be sure, it would have been a matter for the drums. But the vagaries of a white man coming with his wife are of no ritual concern. The drums would only sound on occasions of moment; to summon the men for a council of the clan or to ask, ritually, for the health of a chief; to tell of death; or to speak to the gods themselves. But for a white man with his woman, gossip was good enough to carry the news.

Up and down the river, in the villages where they had visited the year before, many a woman to whom the Bakra had given a string of yellow beads, or a large glittering safety pin to put in her hair as an ornament, or, better still, a large tin can out of which her husband had fashioned a broad band to be worn on her arm, one which glistened as it reflected the pale light of the moon during a dance—such a woman heard of the coming of the Bakra with pleasure. She had them all, these gifts, safe in the carved calabash on which she had incised the sinuous lines of the snake spirit that gave her fertility, and now that the gourds were ripening once again, she would carve another to hold the new things that the whites would bring her.

The young men, too, heard of their coming with pleasure. For would not the strange ways of the Bakra and his woman give them many witty new things to put into words and sing to the traditional seketi tunes, the secular songs that they would later sing in the intervals of the religious dances? It was good to make up new words, which made a man the center of the dance. Ambe! But the women loved the man who could put clever new words to their dance songs!

The children heard the news with fear, for at four, at five, they were not too young to have learned of the enormi-

gods do not come to them." There was in her voice contempt for women who had no gods. She was of a reddish-brown color, taller and more slender than most, and the great coils of brass about her arms and ankles told that her beauty had had full recognition. These had come to her at marriage, as had the small earrings of gold which the bassia had brought to her from French Guiana. With these, too, had come cloths and handkerchiefs, beads and carvings.

If white women had no gods, did they know any of the other things which women must know? Did the white woman wear an apron underneath all her cloths, as women should? Were her thighs cicatrized? Did she cook for her husband, or other men, when she should be isolated in the special house provided for women's monthly visits? Did she purify herself with sacred clay when she emerged from isolation in order not to spoil her husband's obias, for which contact with a woman who has her menses is the deadliest taboo? Why, having borne children, did her figure not show it?

"Have you drums?" the bassia's wife asked. "Without drums, how do you pray? How do you dance?"

Dancing without drums availed nothing.

"White women have no gods. The gods do not come to them. They are not troubled by the need to dance. White women do not pray," she concluded, seeing that what dancing the white woman did could only be a feeble affair.

"I will send my son to your country. The men who go to the French shore say it is good to know how to count the white man's way. My woman-child I will never send," she finished with finality.

Now it was the white woman's turn to ask a few questions, having done explaining how her boots laced, and why it was that she was dressed very much as her husband was dressed.

The white clay in the hair and on the face of a small child was medicine. The child's mother had washed for her god that morning. He was a god whose day for dancing was Wednesday, and now, feeling the god stir in her, she would

M.Herskovits & Herskovits E-5 (1928-1929) 1934
BB Bush Negroes SR8
Saramacca

to be admired for their artistry, but there also for ceremonial purposes which were never divulged. When one of these benches was later taken down to show the magic of paper which, placed on the top of a carving and rubbed with black crayon, reproduced the design beneath, the Granman looked startled, and then ordered that it be replaced. Nor were other rubbings allowed.

On both sides of these massed benches were many objects which could barely be distinguished in the half darkness of the house. There were guns and canisters, there were a few native brooms, and several wrapped parcels. There was also an apinti drum on which the gods were addressed. Not even at Ma'lobbi, where the chief, a famous carver, showed us many remarkable products of his art, did we see designs worked with the fine, sure lines or the beauty of individual motifs such as were traced on this apinti. The carving was in relief and covered the entire surface of the drum, which stood about three feet high, curving outwards from the top, and resting on a narrow circular base which raised its body about six inches from the ground. It was covered with a deerskin that use and exposure to the atmosphere had stained unevenly to shades of amber.

Facing these carvings was the door which, itself of wood, swung on wooden hinges of native fashioning. In relief appeared the Earth Mother, and surrounding her were the symbols of fertility. No man, not even the Granman himself, dared speak her name in this council house. At trials, when oaths were taken, she might be appealed to, but to call her idly would bring down her wrath on the Granman's clan, and, perhaps not stopping there, since the council house was of all the clans, she would revenge herself upon all the people of the Saramacca River. The carving was more beautiful than on the apinti which stood against the opposite wall. The greatest artist on the river had made it.

"That man had the gods, ya-hai," the men said, when we talked of the Granman's carvings.

1:Herskovits & Herskovits E-5 (1928-1929) 1934
[illegible] Bush Negroes [illegible]
Saramacca

774 at the time approaching a state of possession, had provoked great anger.

"If you do not know what the Dyo-dyo is, then you are not human. Then I won't talk to you. Have you never walked and felt something in back of you, yet nothing was there? Have you never had a dream?"

The Dyo-dyo was one of two souls with which each individual was born, the old woman had later been persuaded to explain, for each man had his akra, his personal soul, which if he were mindful of it, remained with him, and allowed no evil to come to him; and each man had his
[795] Dyo-dyo, his wandering soul. At death the soul which had wandered came back to the body. If it were permitted to stray once more, this soul, which had been ever restless in life, would wander about troubling the living.

796 But now, sitting among the women in back of the Gran-
765 man's shrine, it seemed again best to admit that she knew nothing of the adyo ceremony. Fortunately, there was no outburst of anger this time, for here in the true, true Saramacca country, it was soon evident that there was a
[184] pride in their magic, and their language, because these were held to be uniquely their own.

"We give a big play for the breaking of mourning." All
● [534] the drums were played, and the rattles sounded, and the *kwakwa*—the hard-wood bench played with two sticks—was beaten.

For this important ceremony, the oldest living brother
[293] of the dead man provided food and rum, and, when the time came to partake of this food, he and the *kri mundu*—the people of rank—sat about the doorway of the widow's house. She herself stood inside the house, behind the threshold, scattering food for the dead, and pouring rum on the
[262] ground. Rice and peanuts and sugar cane were thrown away, but not yams or plantains, for those things were not given in their village to the ancestral spirits. As the widow "threw away" the food she wept. In the clearing those who did not eat danced adyo. In a circle, men and women danced in close file, one behind the other, each

M. Herskovits & Herskovits E-5 (1928-1929) 1934
Bush Negroes
Surinam

they told us, though never willing to name the villages where they stood, whose walls were most elaborately ornamented with symbols marked in red and black and white, the three sacred colors which appeared on the stools and which the men used for painting their faces and bodies for the dances. On the upper river we had been told that these shrines were in the villages below, and on the lower river it was always intimated that it was up above where the great shrines stood. We had been told of stools which were whitened with sacred pemba, and blackened with soot in the *Fa'aka Pau* houses—the houses of the ancestral spirits—and of the covered whitened vessels which were in the Vodu and Apuku houses, the shrines for the bush and snake deities, placed there for the spirits when they chose to animate them.

So we found it in this house dedicated to the spirits of the bush.

The hut was narrow and long, with walls of woven palm, and a floor made of hard smooth clay into which bare feet had nevertheless worn grooves. To one side of the door stood a drum of the type called *tumao*—the long drum. It was cylindrical, and narrowed but slightly toward the bottom. White clay had once covered it, but now there were irregular lines of white marking the cracks in the wood.

On the other side of the door, against the same wall, lay several large balls of clay. These the old woman was keeping for the obia pots she would make from time to time. Among the Negroes of the town as well as in the bush, these black pots, made by women of the bush, were held to have great magical potency.

"I never make too many pots at once," the old woman said. "I make them for myself as I need them and for the young people of the family." A woman who had not passed her period of childbearing could not make them. "Obia pots are things for old, old women. I cannot tell you about making them."

Leaving these lumps of clay, the woman led us farther into the enclosure, until we stood in front of a raised altar

M. Herskovits & Herskovits E-4 (1928-1929) 1934
Bush Negroes
Saramacca

stepped from the raised platform ready to leave, when he noticed a drum which stood in a corner near the door of the hut, and reached almost to the thatch.

We had seen many agida drums during our stay in the Saramacca country. Some of them had been half as tall as a man—a round hollowed trunk of a tree, with wooden pegs in the side on which the drumhead was fastened. The agida had no elaborate tuning device such as the other drums carried, and on it was neither the beautiful carving with which the apinti was decorated, nor the white pembadoti of the tumao. The agida was the deep bass voice of every trio of drums which played for the sacred dances, and whatever other rhythms were struck on it, its steady note set the beat about which the more incidental rhythms played. We had been told what seemed fabulous tales of the size of some of these agida drums, but not until we saw the drum which stood in the corner of this shrine to the snake gods did we realize how large they might be.

The white man glanced about him. The rest of the party had not yet caught up. In the dimness of the shrine there were only the three men. He stepped up to the enormous drum.

"May I tap it?" he asked.

Reaching up, his arm outstretched above his head, he stood on tip-toe before his fingers found the taut head and gently drummed a rhythm there.

"It is large. It must have a deep voice."

"It is a big drum. Would you like to hear it? The man who plays it is near by."

Now there were four in the hut. The drummer spoke.

"Do you want to hear the drum, white man? I will play it if you are not afraid. But if I play, I will call the god, and when I call him he will come. Shall I play the drum?"

The white man asked that the god be called.

The bassia beckoned to the white woman to come, and signed to the others to remain outside. Framed in the low doorway, shutting out the glare of the sun-swept clearing, were the crouching bodies of women and children who

In Herskovits & Herskovits E-5 (1928-1929) 1934
[illegible] Bush Negroes [illegible]
Saramacca

and so close that our hands, moving about to find a rest, touched its top, and sounded an involuntary rhythm, was an apinti drum. We exclaimed at its beauty, for in form and carving it rivaled the one we had admired in the council house of Granman Yankuso, and we were determined to try to buy it. But we turned our conversation to other things. A stranger in this bush soon learns from the Bush Negroes to broach an important request gently, remembering the cautioning proverb spoken by the chameleon.

We talked of carving, of the white man's coming back some year when the rains were heavy to sit by and watch the men make paddles and benches, so that he might learn, as children learn.

The captain was politely skeptical. It took a Saramacca hand to do this work. But he smiled, "Ma kye, if you have the gods anything is possible."

"That's a fine paddle in the corner."

He brought it out, and we admired it. Would he sell it to us?

"You must ask its owner."

"Didn't you make it, captain?"

"Yes, but it is not mine to sell. I gave it to my wife." He would see, however, if she wanted to sell it. He would himself go and call her.

As he went, he gave us the paddle that we might examine it. We ran our hands over the smooth top, the design, the beveled blade. It was not so tall as the paddles used by the men, nor was its blade so broad as those used in steering the great boats through the rapids. In form, it was quite different from the round-bladed type used by the Indians of the region, for it was slender and came to a sharp point, and at the other end the carving formed a crutch-shaped hold into which the hand fitted.

We studied this carving. Parts of the design had meaning for us because of their realistic treatment. The motifs of others were recognizable to us from explanations we had been given of other carvings. But there were still details

11 Herskovits & Herskovits E-5 (1928-1929) 1934
SRS Bush Negroes SRS
Saramacca

magic on their owners. And there was the Gankwe woman who brought us a paddle representing the bird she called the *apassa*.

"We Gankwe people do not eat the apassa," she had whispered to us when we bought the paddle.

5

In the house of the captain of Ma'lobbi we sat and talked of the carvings of the Saramacca people, and as we talked, they brought us some of the things the men of the village had carved.

"Do all men carve?" we asked the chief.

"Not everyone has the spirit. But every young man tries. If a man is good at hunting, or on the river, then perhaps he can get the things he needs to give his wife from others for what he can give the carver. But it is better that he do these things for his wife himself. The women like it better."

Not everyone could make a boat, he said, nor was everyone able to carve the *pau pau dindu*, the intricate "wood within wood" motifs that made a strip go like a twisted snake in and out, in and out, through a design. And not everyone could make a drum. Like that apinti he had there.

It was the opening for which we had been waiting.

We had been admiring this drum since we had come into his house, we said. We remembered it from the first time on our way up river. It was as fine as any we had seen. Had he made it himself?

He smiled his appreciation.

"It is a fine apinti, ai," agreed several of the men sitting about.

An apinti was one of the things we wanted to take to show the white man. This one, especially, we would like to buy. Would he sell it?

He looked at us for a moment, and then gently shook his head. "To make an apinti is not a small thing. Not everyone can make an apinti. I have worked on it for a long time, and it is not yet finished. This drum I will not sell."

1:Herskovits & Herskovits S-5 (1928-1929) 1934
SR5 Bush Negroes SR5
Saramacca

We redoubled our urging.

"White man, do you know what it is to make an apinti—an obia drum?"

A man had to have the proper spirit before he might address the god of the tree from which the drum was to be made. When he had felled the tree, he cut off from the trunk the part he wanted to use and took it to his village. Over it he had to pour the blood of a cock which he sacrificed that the gods might come when the drum called them. The maker had also to provide sweet rum and cassava and eggs. The cassava was eaten by the people, but the eggs were for the spirit of the drum, and only half the sweet rum was drunk—the rest was poured over the wood. When the body of the new drum had been fashioned, the people gathered and sang, but they did not dance, for the head yet remained to be made. A pingo, or a deer, might furnish the skin, but these animals were shot where they had been tracked in the bush, and not offered to the drum. Only chickens were given it. And when the drum was complete, then the maker sang his song alone.

"But the drum is not finished yet. It can be played on, for it has a head, and its spirit has been satisfied. But the carving is not yet done. I have worked on it a long time," he repeated. "I want them to play it for my spirit when I am dead."

A silence fell as he finished. There was nothing more to be said.

"White man, we have sat together in pleasure. You have come to the true, true Saramacca from far away. You have bought the carvings of my people. The apinti drum I cannot sell you. But this stool you like I want you to have."

He took up one of the round-topped benches, with carefully worked sides, and four purple-heart inlays on top, each in the shape of a fowl.

"Take it with you to your white man's country. When you show it, write on a paper that the captain of Ma'lobbi made it."

1s Herskovits & Herskovits E-5 (1928-1929) 1934
SR8 Bush Negroes SR8
Saramacca

call the great gods. Apanto's spirit is strong, but Bayo has strong gods, too."

The machine was made ready for him, and Bayo sat down on a convenient box, his head bent over the tumao drum which we had acquired and which his fingers could scarce ever be near but that they played on it.

"It is not the right drum," he said. "You should have an apinti for me to speak to the gods. But I will try it with this one. Tomorrow I will go up the river to Djamungo. I know a man who has an apinti. You will give me money, and I will buy it for you. But now I will speak on the tumao."

He began the irregular tapping which we had learned to identify as the drum language. With one hand he carried the message, while with the other he played irrelevant motifs which served to confound anyone not initiated and leave him, as it left us, who had worked out some of the general principles on which this drum language was based, utterly unable to interpret it or to tell which were the significant elements.

"The great gods will look after your machine now, if they will listen to the tumao."

The next day Bayo went upstream to get us the apinti we so desired. He was not successful, but the gods had listened to him, when he had invoked them on the tumao, for Bayo's ministrations ended all trouble with our recalcitrant phonograph. Bayo indeed had strong spirits!

As the days went on, and record after record was put on the turntable, and with its tracing of songs, or examples of Bush Negro speech, or fragments of the rhythms that called the various gods, was taken off and carefully put into its felt-lined box, Bayo visibly swelled with pride. This was his doing! With his strong spirits he had called the great gods! He was young, and he had not spoken on the proper drum, but they had listened to him! So his thoughts went, and so he would repeat them to us.

His interest in the phonograph was intensified the more he saw of it, and he sang and spoke and drummed, either

1:Herskovits & Herskovits E-8 (1928-1929) 1934
SR8 Bush Negroes SR8
Saramacca

796 in the cords, was recognizable as a more able musician, a more experienced drummer.

Now the beat changed once more, and there were no more young dancers to be seen. They were dancing awasa, preparing for the spirits to come, so that during the long preparation the fury with which obia would burst upon them would be eased. In this awasa dance, the dancers patterned the massed movements after the solo and response of the song to which the dance was carried on.

Our paddler, Angita, acted as soloist against a chorus of [534] women. The seed rattles on his ankles clashed at the proper intervals of the music, adding a new sound to the combined notes of the drums and the monotonous pounding of the kwakwa. Forward he danced as he sang his solo, and the line of women opposite him retreated as he advanced. Then, as they sang the refrain, he danced backwards, as the women came closer toward him.

His rhythmic control surpassed any dancing we had seen on the river—never since have we seen a dancer who exhibited such perfect coordination of feet and muscles of the body as did Angita. This time there was no interruption, for he danced on until, voluntarily relinquishing his place, it was taken by another man, taller and more lean, who began a new awasa refrain, as he continued the dance. Occasionally a woman, brass on her wrists and at ankles, stepped from the line of women, and the dance became a wooing, the man advancing, the woman retreating, luring him on.

A new note sounded in the drums. In front of the hut where we were sitting, the drumming beat upon our ears with the persistence of the flaying tropical rain. This new note soon superseded the other. Obia was being called by the drummers—and obia came.

The light of the crescent moon threw into paler shadow the oil lamps in the clearing. Overhead, screening the starlit sky, branches hung from the trees of the big bush. Our cook came up with our sun helmets.

"What are these for?"

1: Herskovits & Herskovits E-5 (1928-1929) 1934
SR8 Bush Negroes SR8
Saramacca

ground, rubbing the remainder over arms and upper body. Some took a sip and, like the others, poured the rest as a libation to the Earth Mother. Few drank more than a little, and only the men had as much as half of the small wine glass we were using.

The bassia of Gankwe came to us. "Do not be afraid. Obia has come strong, but we have prepared for it. The men will not hurt people."

Led by him, we passed from one dancer to the next, giving to this one a sip, to that one a taste. But there was one elderly man who would not drink.

"Not until I get obia," he said, "and obia does not come to me tonight."

Not all the possessed men were slashing about with cutlasses. One man pulled up grass, eating part and throwing the rest over his head. Another in the strength of his possession uprooted large clumps of brush, and one broke off a liana of some size and wrapped it about his body, and danced with it.

Songs, dancing men, dancing women, machetes flashing in the moonlight . . . and over all the beat of the drum. This was the dance of the Kromanti obia.

Now the man who had refused a drink came up. He was trembling.

"Obia comes!" he cried. "Give me rum!"

As he tossed off the drink, he dashed toward the possessed men. In his hand was a rattle, the first we had seen at this dance. The rattle is sacred to the Kromanti, and possession can be brought on by shaking it even when there are no drums. As he danced, he supplemented the rhythm of the drums with his rattle, and his dancing surpassed in its fury that of all the others. Men kept out of his way as he dashed back and forth in his contortions, and he continued his gyrations as those with painted faces, whom obia was releasing, began to feel exhaustion.

The drums never stopped. As long as obia remained unsatisfied, they would need to play on and on. While the drummers beat the Kromanti rhythms, and the man with

1: Herskovits & Herskovits E-5 (1928-1929) 1934
SR8 Bush Negroes SR8
Saramacca

"OBIA COMES!"

"Do not take too much rum," he said. "When there is much to drink, obia does not come."

The bottle ready, we waited. Eight, half-past, nine o'clock. When we had decided they were not coming for us, the sharp bark of Tross signaled the approach of a man up the path from the river bank. As he came into the circle of light, we recognized Apanto.

"Everything is ready, Bak'a," he said. "Come."

It was not an important village, this one across the river from our camp. It was smaller and had much less power than Gankwe, the seat of a clan head. But enough men had assembled for the ceremonies to make a dance, and the women were standing about waiting as we came from the river through the palm-frond guard. The moon was again up, but moving clouds hid it from view or covered it with a haze which dimmed its brilliance. A few houses fronted on the little clearing where the dance was to be held, and here and there some oil lanterns had been placed.

Not everything, we soon learned, was ready, for drums were lacking. They had an agida, but the two others which were needed were not there. Poor villages very often had to borrow their drums from other settlements. The dancers stood about waiting.

We offered the tumao we had acquired, and Bayo returned to our camp for it. A large tin basin, turned upside down, gave the same metallic tenor voice as the apinti, and so with the makeshift orchestra the dancing began, two younger boys playing the kwakwa.

For a time it seemed as though we were only to see seketi. The children had had no opportunity at all to perform, and they stood about watching, while their elders danced the social dance we had seen so often. There was a tall man from a friendly village farther down the river whose dancing that night stood out. The careful awkwardness of his legs as he danced facing us, the carefully timed movements of arms and body showed us that in seketi, too, as the proverb ran, there were truly men on the lower river, as there were on the upper.

2: Kahn D-5 (1922-1930) 1931
SR8 Bush Negroes SR8
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river floods periodically, and might wipe them out if they were too near, and that the Bush Negro still retains, back in his mind, a strong fear of another war with the white man. In the latter event the Djuka villages would have to be camouflaged or hidden. Often, too, the villages are to be found just above a waterfall or rapids, as another hindrance to possible invaders.

At the landing we see bare-breasted Djuka women washing clothes or bathing their children. They do not evince much curiosity as we paddle up, for it is considered insolent to stare. The naked little ones are very much afraid of the white man. They scurry into the underbrush and watch us from behind trees. The older children remain and are proud of their courage. An old man is making a canoe. Most of the men are away on hunting or lumbering expeditions.

Leading up to the village is a winding path, cut by the violent rain until it resembles a ravine. Sometimes the river floods the path, forming a little muddy inlet into which the canoes stick their noses. One town is perched on a high bank, reached only by a hardwood ladder twenty-five feet tall. The blacks clamber up easily, unlike the awkward white man, who has difficulty with the missing steps.

We ascend the path; the frightened children return to their play, paddling about or fishing from the moored canoes. Sometimes the bahkra's coming has been announced beforehand by a system of drum telegraphy. A certain rhythm beaten on the tomtom informs the adjacent villages that white men are coming up the river, and why. In this way

2:Kahn D-5 (1922-1930) 1931
SR8 Bush Negroes SR8

[H12 532]

Chapter Four

THE DANCE

SUNDOWN on the Surinam. Women with breasts like dried tobacco leaves stew hunks of red baboon over the Djuka fires. The old dance gods will stir tonight. Mist is drifting up from the river and blowing between the trees. Colours fade out as darkness falls. The atmosphere of the jungle closes in on us with the night.

As night falls a Bush Negro corial appears on the river. It is followed by four others, all loaded with people from another village three miles downstream. The strangers have come to dance for the bahkra. We have promised them candy and high wine. The women tie bands of nuts about their limbs; the dried nuts rattle.

They bring the drums, the soul of the jungle. The big tom-tom, elaborately carved on the outside, is the *apenti*, or signal drum. The smaller *nanda* and the baby *babosla* (an African

[p. 52 is blank]

[For caption, see category 116, p. 204.- Analyst]

2:Kahn D-5 (1922-1930) 1931
SR8 Bush Negroes SR8

534 word meaning "to make a hollow sound") are dance drums. Each is made from a short section of hollowed-out log. Long pegs are driven into the outside, around the circumference, close to one end. Animal skin, with brown hair still clinging in places, is stretched across the opening, and thonged over the pegs. The pegs are set at an angle, so that driving them further in stretches the skin more tightly, tuning the drum. Some villages possess drums six to eight feet long. They are called *ageedah*.

533 A young boy of fourteen or fifteen flippantly beats a few notes on one of the tomtoms. He puts it between his squatting legs and bends over it, striking the resonant skin with the flat of his fingers, using both hands to produce a rhythmical pattern. He holds his wrists loose, like a virtuoso. To set the drum on the earth while playing it would close up the open end, keeping the vibrations inside, and produce a flat sound. The drum is held by the squatting black at an angle with the ground, the pulsating tambour making an insidious beat that produces strange effects. The moment the sound of the tomtom reverberates through the jungle evening, the atmosphere seems to change.

The crowd is shy at first. There is still a little sun in the air. Darkness is necessary if the ancient gods are to possess us. A child of eleven squats beside a drum and places it between his knees. His creditable tempo arouses the envy of his playmates looking on. Three men arrange themselves for the coming dance, one with the *apenti*, one with the *nanda*, while the third wrestles with the little boy who will not relinquish

2:Kahn D-5 (1922-1930) 1931
SR8 Bush Negroes SR8

his hold on the *baboula*. The child is finally allowed to remain. He can keep time well enough and that is what the *baboula* is for.

It is now night, jungle night. The tomtoms crash out in a full-throated chorus. It is a driving, compelling rhythm of hollow sounds. The timbre is heavy, hypnotic, maddening. The drummers achieve a difference of tone by striking near the edge, which gives a shrill sound, and then returning to the centre, which booms by contrast.

The effect of the drums may be a species of hypnosis. Hypnosis can be produced experimentally by the sound of rhythmical tapping, without any condition of sleep.

The patting of the fingers on the drum-head of dried skin seems to induce in these primitives a type of hypnoid exaltation. The cause of it is the monotonous, rhythmical repetition of booming sounds. Fatigue falls away. Memories of other evenings around the jungle fires come crowding back. They imagine that Apuku seizes their bodies. Demoniacal possession is a phenomenon well known to history; here we have it in the South American bush. Here it is called *winti*.

The hypnoid stimulus—monotonous repetition—is reproduced in the other instruments that accompany the tomtoms. The first of these is the *saka-saka*, a gourd stuck on a handle and filled with pebbles. Then there is the *quaqua*, a flat board of resounding wood that is beaten with a hard paddle. Now the primitive orchestra is in full swing.

By this time the crowd has arranged itself in a circle, with a bare space in the centre. The fires glow luridly on black

2:Kahn D-5 (1922-1930) 1931
SR8 Bush Negroes SR8

Shadows roll on the brown skin and quiver with the firelight. 796

It is a vivid picture, these naked girls standing still in the 535
flickering light of the fire, making their muscles dance to the monotony of the drums. Sweat breaks out on the foreheads of the drummers and runs down their faces, dropping off their chins unnoticed. The music grows louder and louder. 796
Apuku is coming. The stalwart black with the saka-saka 535
holds it at arm's length, braces his feet apart, and delivers his 153
whole body to the rhythm. The little girls, loath to stop, are seized by their proud mothers who rush out to embrace them, cheek to cheek. Others press forward with compliments for the excited girls. There is no stopping of the drums now. Louder and faster the metre becomes, a veritable pandemonium. No conversation or restrained observation is possible, due to the noise; the psychological effect is to wipe out the inhibitions of daily life and induce a state of semi-hysterical exhilaration. The white man, forgetting civilization for a time, feels like stamping his feet and shaking himself. And over all is the insistent monotony of the drums.

A woman has attached dried rattling nuts to her ankles, [534]
and enters the clearing to be swayed by the drums. She too bends her body at a right angle, palms outward, caressing invisible curves in time with the beat of the drums. Her torso writhes, in time to the beat of the drums. She would be crying aloud, were it not for the pulsation of the drums. Two other women come out and accompany her, then another, then more, until finally eight or nine are dancing in the

2:Kahn D-5 (1922-1930) 1931
SR8 Bush Negroes SR8
Boni

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Youth of the Boni Tribe Playing Dance Music on the "Apenti" or Signal Drum. Marowyne River, French Guiana. Drum Carved from a Single Section of Tree Trunk.

Kahn-Granger Collection, American Museum of Natural History

[Facing p. 58]

2:Kahn D-5 (1922-1930) 1931
SR8 Bush Negroes SR8

796 shade out strange metres on the *nanda*. There is a break; the
535 orchestra stops, and the interval is filled in with the heavy
776 booming of the *apenti*. Often the drummers seize a bush-
158 knife and batter at the pegs, stretching the dried skin to the
[302] proper tone. Mist from the river has dampened their hair, unnoticed. The dance will continue until morning; they must play until the spirit of Apuku has gone.

796 Everything is set for the climax. Some are still watching
525 while the others dance. Since the old men are too dignified,
158 their places are taken by younger men from sixteen to twenty-five. There are more women dancing than men, anyhow. The white man is wondering how it is going to end. Despite the excitement there has been no orgiastic episode.

Grand finale. There is a tremendous screech from out of the blackness beyond. Three practically naked blacks come rushing up from the river, their faces and bodies daubed
[302] hideously with pemba doteo, the ceremonial white clay. One has stripes around his arms, belly, and legs, his face all white. Another's face is bisected with white and yellow pigment. The third is Adjobo, the medicine man; he has circles of clay on his forehead, cheeks, and chin, and rings around his neck. The presence of the ceremonial clay indicates the presence of a god. There is no doubt but that the hideousness of these men inspires a feeling of awe.

They burst into the circle of dancers and scatter them. Everyone recedes before them, with actual or pretended fright. The children become hysterical and cling frantically to their mothers for protection. Women in the crowd are cry-

2:Kahn D-5 (1922-1930) 1931
SR8 Bush Negroes SR8
Paramacca

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Drums from the Paramaca Tribe. The larger one is the Ntinki, the small one the Bakuki.
Kahn-Granger Collection, American Museum of Natural History

[facing p.60]

2:Kahn D-5 (1922-1930) 1931
SR8 Bush Negroes SR8

ticular animal. The red terrier will not hunt anything else. It stands now ferociously over the body of the dead parrot, its tongue hanging out, panting.

Bows and arrows are as common as shotguns, and preferred by many of the black huntsmen because they make no noise, need no munitions. The bow is fashioned from one of the South American hardwoods, letterwood or purpleheart. The shaft is tremendously resilient, and strung with *singrasi* it takes a stout arm indeed to bend it. Singrasi is a species of grass which is hand-spun into tough cord, by rolling it on the flesh of the thigh. When unflexed, the curved bow is nearly six feet long.

The arrows are made from hollow reeds, and are extremely light and well balanced. Into one end of the reed a foot-long hardwood point is set, wrapped with singrasi and gummed. At the other end, the ferrule is similarly set in, the joint again being wrapped around to prevent splitting. Some arrows have metal points filed from old bush-knives. A five-foot arrow like this can be used as a little javelin for spearing small game. The Bush Negroes also use blunt arrows to stun birds.

A naked savage stalking through the bush, armed only with a bow and arrow, furnishes a sight of the primitive that is fast disappearing from this commonplace world. The Djuka calls some of his game, principally the agouti, by imitating their cries on a little whistle, made out of baked clay or a hollow shell. The imitation is so accurate, in the case of smaller game, as to fool even the jaguar that feeds on

2:Kahn D-5 (1922-1930) 1931
SR8 Bush Negroes SR8
Aucaner

being able to accommodate their eyes to the tiny grey perspectives. When the significance of the chiaroscuro dawned upon them, they broke into broad grins and were mightily pleased. After that most of them readily consented to being photographed.

A woman was suspected of causing by witchcraft the death of the late Granman, Amekti, of the Aucaner tribe. She was severely beaten and was not allowed to attend the ceremony of *Broko Day* (breaking day), the time when mourning is broken.

Broko Day is held four or five months after the death of the Granman. Game is hunted and cassava cake prepared for many days prior to the great feast. It is a time of great festivity; there is dancing, singing, and general merry-making. At this time the *Songai*, the *Pekein play*, and the *Sasa* dances are held. The participants are generously smeared with pemba dotee and they wear costumes and decorations which are not seen at any other time. Then, as many of the tribe as is possible gather in the village of the erstwhile Granman, and the feast lasts for about a week. Dancing and feasting continue night and day. At this time the agendah drum—six to eight feet tall—is played, as well as the smaller instruments already referred to. Toward the end of the ceremony, the hair and nails of the corpse are buried, a new Granman is inaugurated, and the deceased ruler is relegated to the position of an ancestor. Prayers may then ascend heaven-ward to him.

Captain Acrowsie of the Aucaner tribe told us some in-

2:Kahn D-5 (1922-1930) 1931
SR8 Bush Negroes SR8

Lawne	Abeyoni
Maddy	Absonie
Angasi	Samtoni
Dandilo	Samsie
Tjafaka	Saleh

A few feminine names are as follows:

Koko	Nee Nee
Amehna	Afanisi
Mehlee	Cudu
Suri	Yomeh
Widuma	Saomeh
Anitee	Tia Kabah

No stringed instruments were seen among the Bush Negroes, although they may exist. The musical impulses of the blacks are expressed chiefly in the beating of the tomtoms. The *saka-saka*, which means "shake shake," is added to the drum ensemble to emphasize by contrast with its light pebbly sound the vast heavy tonality of the drums. The same is probably true of the *quaqua*, the board beaten with sticks. Occasionally a nose flute is seen, a direct survival of West Africa. It is a plain flute, made of a reed, but blown with the

2:Kahn D-5 (1922-1930) 1931
SR8 Bush Negroes SR8

534 nose instead of the mouth. The only other accompaniments of the dance are the anklets and bracelets of Kahee-seed rattles, in which the dried nuts add a sensuous, whispering sound to the lithe movements of the limbs.

535 There are three expressions used among Djukas which are equivalent to swearing among ourselves. These are: *Tinkee mafo*, stink mouth, which is the worst possible insult; and two other insulting terms of lesser degree, *T'jobo teefee*, dirty teeth, and *sika fatu*, jigger foot.

2:Kahn D-5 (1922-1930) 1931
SR8 Bush Negroes SR8

torchlight. The Djukas have a rodent trap that is a direct African survival, found on both the West and East Coasts of Africa.

Stedman mentions in his *Narrative* that the Bush Negro rebels used a kind of conch-shell trumpet to call their people to arms. The same species of trumpet is still to be found among the Djukas, and is similar in type to those found on the Gold Coast. The nose flute used by the Bush Negroes also comes from the Congo region of Africa. Wooden trumpets like those used by the Bush Negroes are found also along the Gold Coast and in the Congo country.

The drums form perhaps the clearest and most characteristic West African survival. They are not at all like the Indian drums of the same region, which are flat and more like a tambourine. The Djuka manner of constructing them from a hollowed-out log, with skin stretched over the opening and thonged over pegs, is commonly in use among innumerable African tribes. The tuning of them by hammering on the pegs, set at an angle, is also a detail from Africa. The use of drums for communication over long distances, and the development of an elaborate code of drum signals, is developed to a high degree among West African tribes. Rattray, in his study of the Ashanti people, gives an extended description of this.

The *anansi-stories*, the spider stories, ubiquitous in the West Indies, are also found among the Tshi-speaking peoples of the West Coast. The use of white clay for smearing ceremonial objects and amulets is African. The decoration of

2: Kahn D-5 (1922-1930) 1931
SR8 Bush Negroes SR8

obeiahs, house gods, fetish houses, menstrual huts, and matrilineal system of inheritance are all to be found as ancient customs among the forest tribes of the West Coast. Other details, such as the use of chickens for sacrificial animals, the huts with their rectangular walls, the manufacture of butter from the palm worm, the sacredness of snakes and alligators, the use of drums for religious supplication, and the beating of them with the hand instead of with a stick as the Indians do, are also customs which are similar to West African customs and probably derived from them. The impaled turtle-shell on a staff, the badge of the witch doctor's profession, represents the symbol for the female genitalia among some West African tribes. The Bush Negroes' boats and paddles are typically African in design. The *awasa* dance of the Saramaccaners was borrowed from the Ancaners, among whom it is a direct West African survival.

From the study of these culture survivals among the Djuka tribes it can be seen that most of the jungle civilization of the Bush Negroes is derived from their West African ancestry, modified here and there by contact with the Indians of their new home. The remainder of the material culture of the Bush Negroes is borrowed from the white settlements along the coast, from which gunpowder, fish-hooks, bush-knives, and other articles filter upstream.

[p. 192 is blank]

/26 cont./

728 communicate to one another their opinions, in what way they
695 wish to see the points of difference resolved. If they are agreed concerning these, then they return to the chief in the shed and the discussion of the matter takes place anew, until finally agreement exists. During this consultation of the elders or council
[562] members a solemn seriousness prevails among them. Women are sometimes admitted to these conferences, but never have a voice, and come merely to listen and to see.

After the matter has been settled to the satisfaction of all parties, the cup once more makes several rounds among those present, and thereafter everyone goes silently and quietly to his camp or dwelling.

Chapter XVIII

Music, Musical Instruments

533 Their music is very simple and monotonous; one makes use of it, to the accompaniment of song and dance, at festivals and cult ceremonies.

534 The instruments are variously used and doubtless according to the type of event. Thus the so-called long drum, called agida (2), is played at cult ceremonies; on other occasions one

2. Papii drum.

uses the small or apientie drum. Furthermore they have an instrument called kwakwa stool by them, a stool or board of very hard wood on which one beats with two sticks.

534 When they dance the papaí-wenti, an African idol dance,
535 they use the agida drum. For the songé, or ordinary dance, they play the small drum or apienti.

They dance the soema to the beat of the small drum and with the kwakwa stool. In executing the last-named dance a great deal of competition prevails among the dancers, and the one who

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•534 holds out the longest and is the fastest and most accurate performer
535 of the specific steps for this is cheered as the winner.

Banja or baljaar is one of the true African dances. This name is also given to the African guitar, a musical instrument formerly generally known in the colony, but now totally vanished. This dance is performed to the beat of the two drums and the
[224] kwakwa stool. For this dance the women provide themselves with a saka-saka, a toy having the shape of a great rattle and made from a calabash filled with corals or pits of the Canna indica and Canna lutea, also called viengoe by them. They turn and shake this saka-saka according to the beat of the song taken up by them, which produces a peculiarly strange sound.

Chapter XIX

Clothing, Ornaments, Tattooing

291 Their clothing is very simple. The women ordinarily wear merely a piece of colored linen or cotton strip, called bont, two ells long and one and a quarter ells wide. They wrap this around their middle and allow it to hang down below the knee joints, calling it
301] pangi. This undergarment of the Negro women is thus named after pano (Spanish) and pagne (French). As a rule they have the upper body bare, while around the neck, the wrists, and the ankles
302 they wear strings of coral, which greatly take their fancy. They usually plait the head hair into a large number of small braids and bind the ends of these with white cotton threads. Some of them wear their hair combed out, as a result of which their heads,
301 seen from a distance, resemble large mop-heads. They are very fond of blood corals, which are greatly valued among them for ornamentation.

[292] When they celebrate a festival, they also wear a large number of colored cloths of cotton or muslin around the neck, and further adorn themselves with copper and iron rings around the wrists, among which there are strings of coral in the same manner

/162 cont./
business of the tribunal. The people of the dead person's lineage will have to settle that among themselves after the obsequies. The role of the tribunal is to make official the cause of death and give it the force of law.

Then the inheritance is taken up in the presence of the near relatives of the dead man. The questions are asked successively: "To whom dost thou leave thy boat...?" "To whom dost thou leave thy gun (1)...?" The coffin moves each time toward one of the people present. /Figs. 22 and 23 appear here/

1. That, unless the dead man has, before his death, in front of witnesses, formally indicated the apportionment of his belongings; in such a case, questions are asked only for the objects whose attribution had not been clearly specified.

/163/ At the end of the third day after the death the burial is prepared; the dead person is asked from daybreak on whether he is ready for that; if not it can be postponed until the next day.

The boys have been working at the cemetery since the beginning of the day. They are young and strong men who have to work slowly, for not a drop of sweat may fall into the grave or their arms would risk remaining prisoner in it.

About 4:00 P.M. the bearers promenade the dead person one last time in the village for a supreme adieu. The near relatives go to the wharf. The dead man is hoisted into a canoe while the [illegible] calls his yaka so that it will not remain in the village.

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/169 cont./
They will be paid when the gita has been "arranged," that is, has lost the bestial character of the beginning and when the god can express itself in intelligible fashion.

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There and then they busy themselves with transferring the god out of the body of the deceased. An obiaman well known in the cult of the Papa gadu, Goutu (Dju) and his pupil Balan (Aw.B.) come with calabashes containing infusions of leaves. Four or five women having a Papa gadu come and line up behind them. The heiress, with an extremely vexed air, takes her place among them, clothed with the emblems of the god of the dead woman; they are going to call their gods who will dance in honor of Kotoïda's god.

The obiaman and his pupil for several minutes trickle the infusion of herbs over the coffin, using packets of herbs like sponges, then they "wash" the women, including the postulant; he gives them the rest of the calabash to drink. One of the women, Samabun, falls immediately to the ground, attacked by the lowest form of possession: she drags herself on her belly like a snake (these are the first forms of the gita when it has not yet been "arranged." In her case that has lasted four years, contrary to what ordinarily happens. The scene was certainly anticipated, for she had put on European panties. The other women also drink but are not possessed; they leave to dress for dancing.

[534] The agida drum taken out of the god's chapel begins to beat, accompanied by two apinti.

The female bearers of Papa gadu arrive at the sound of the agida, smeared with pemba and carrying /wearing?--Tr./ the insignia of the god. Six come in all. They are not in a state of possession; only two will reach it. The first possessed woman keeps crawling on the ground, gropingly approaching the drum which she embraces, lying on her back. It is torn away from her. The obiaman continue to come to "wash"

765 [202] /184 cont./

"You who with ɔbia so that the machete will not cut you, so that the broken glass will not wound you, what are you waiting for? You remain seated, are you afraid?"

765 786 787 At these words, several of those present stand up and begin to dance, seeking the trance of possession. Some run into the village and come back running, carrying banana-tree stalks. Others drag thorny spathes of awara; two brandish an old, demolished boat.

The drum furiously beats the rhythm of Kumenti. Part of the dancers, taken hold of by a furious delirium, jump and [824] prance about. Certain ones take thorny spathes of awara (2)

2. Thorny palm (astrocaryum vulgare) whose sharp thorns nearly 10 centimeters long are particularly formidable. It is impossible to pick up an awara spathe with bare hands without hurting oneself.

under the arm or pass them around the neck.

Part of those present are taken hold of in their turn by trances, including people of mature age and serious character like Finiman, who is carried off in a faint.

Two possessed people, a man (Ernest, Kotika) and a woman (Awini, Bonville), smeared with ɛmbo, are subject to extraordinary contortions. Ernest breaks a bottle over his head with such force that the pieces fly several meters. Both /185/ dance on their knees for an appreciable length of time (but the next day Awini will come to have herself cared for). Those present manifest frenzied joy.

765 535 534 About five o'clock the ɛbɔɔt dance begins. Three apinti drums are placed at the west wall of the shed. The orchestra is completed by an old overturned boat which seven to eight men strike with sticks.

/205 cont./

346 794 787 613 The objects placed in these chapels are simply the clothing, beverage, and tools of the gods when they come to visit men; they correspond nearly to what the Refugee Blacks leave in a farming habitation where they go to work regularly. For [293] example, in the Papa gadu 2su of the Awara Bakka quarter of Asisi, which serves for about 15 gods, each one has a definite place on the shelves to lay out especially the scarf which serves it as a garment and a bottle of beer (a bottle is always kept in readiness by the bearer of the god) (1).

1. The Papa gadu do not like tafia. If the usual bearer of one of these gods has drunk tafia, it cannot come into him.

[534] They still stow the Papa d2ŋ drum in this chapel. This drum, like the chapel itself, is believed to belong to the Papa gadu god which first came into a member of the lineage to exercise the kunu. In the example mentioned of the Awara [428] /206/ Bakka lo of Asisi, in 1957 it was the centenarian grandmother Kululba who had borne this god since her youth, having herself received it, by several successive transmissions, from a distant ancestress.

[621] In villages like Boniville and Papaïston where fragments of lineage of entirely different origins coexist, each has its own organization.

For example in Boniville there is a Papa gadu 2su for the fragment of the Lapé lineage (it belongs to Téréba whose god exercises the kunu on this lineage). The fragment of the lineage has another.

In Papaïston the Tolma (Bakabuchi) lineage, reduced to half a dozen persons, has a Papa gadu 2su of its own.

/206 cont./

The Kumẽnti. These gods are common to the Saramaka (Kromenti) (1), Djuka, and Boni. The Kumẽnti are considered to be benevolent gods and friends of men, so their possession is very much desired. They do not come into men spontaneously, they are obtained only by applying to a teacher. In principle only men can obtain Kumẽnti, while on the other hand only women can have Dãnzuŋki /uɛ/.

1. There is no doubt about the origin of this word; it is a deformation of Coromantin, name given in the 18th century to Ashanti country. The "Coromantin Negroes," reputed to be particularly intractable, played a large role in the slave revolts. The Kumenti cult of possession must originally have been a cult peculiar to the Coromantin nation.

The Kumẽnti are specialized in protection against fire and against machete and gun wounds. These dangers hold the largest place among the anxieties of the Refugee Blacks, who spend almost all their life in the bush and with whom nearly all sores become infected and have serious consequences. Thus the Kumẽnti cult holds an important place in their magic; even someone who is not possessed will try to obtain from these gods an ɔbia that will protect him from these various dangers.

The instruction of the disciples of these gods takes as its pattern the procedures described above, but the collective dances appear to play an essential part. The teacher calls on the gods by beating a special rhythm on ordinary drums (apinti) and by uttering invocations punctuated by the rattle of the saka (Indian maraka, that is, hollow calabash provided with a handle and containing seeds).

/210 cont./

The Bumba gadu, other gods of the same nature and equally feared, have as bearers other categories of snakes, principally the great anaconda water snakes.

The Vodii, we have said, are feared; they can exercise on a lineage the collective curse called kunu. But, no more than the Kumĕnti do not represent a principle of good, they do not represent a principle of evil. Not all are so badly disposed toward men, and even if one of them is the enemy of a lineage, it is not for that reason badly disposed toward the rest of men. However this may be, the cult of possession of the Papa gadu is not at all in decline among the Boni. According to the cross-checking we have been able to do, of the 670 persons living on the French bank there are at least 40 to 50 who have a Papa gadu, the great majority of them old women.

/211/ The Voodii /sic/ are much feared, and for that very reason much respected. They are oracles which are consulted very often, without consideration of the evil their kunu has done and will still do. A god which exercises the kunu but which is provisionally declared appeased may be consulted without danger; it is always assumed that in any case its bearer, if he respects its commands, has nothing to fear from it.

It is possible that, very unconsciously, women use the fear that the Papa gadu gods inspire in order to maintain their independence and privileged position in Refugee Black society.

Instruction in possession appears to take as a pattern the same principles as that which correspond to the Kumĕnti. It involves the teaching of the Papa language; this language appeared to us to be in decline; in fact, it is used only for formulas of greeting; then the possessed people vaticinate in ordinary language. Instruction in possession also involves daily ablutions with decoctions of leaves; certain of these mixtures are particularly complicated (it is said that they include more than a hundred different kinds of leaves). Instruction is essentially individual; however it also includes dances; on this occasion a

/211 cont./

153 791 789 534 special drum is used, about two meters long and very narrow, devoid of any decoration, which is called lêgo dɔ̃ or papa dɔ̃.

787 [562] To call on her gita, the possessed woman (they are almost always women) stands, puts on a piece of cloth which she always keeps nearby and always takes along with her when she travels: this is the garment of the god; it consists of a sort of scarf crossed in front; then she throws white clay, pemba, on her feet from right to left and left to right while invoking the god. Possession is almost immediate. One sees the woman's eyes roll up and her expression become haggard. The god does not cover himself entirely with pemba like the Kumfuti, he makes himself a sort of headband on the forehead with white clay. He begins with an invocation to Masa Gadu said in ordinary language.

787 788 639 [782] "Masa gadu, gi mi pimiti, beka mi na pikin nêgo; ala sani di mi ɔ taki, na yu mu gi mi kaakiti, beka na yu abi mi kaakiti, da mi sɛlfa/o gi yu."

"Masa Gadu, I implore you, for I am a humble creature; (in) all that I am going to say, it is you who will give me strength, for my strength is in you; I shall exalt you."

787 786 [141] Next come formulas of welcome to those present, which are the exact translation of the formulas of greeting of everyday life, then songs, all in the Papa language. After about a quarter of an hour, it enters a hut and sits down, answering in ordinary language the questions of those present, always in a singing tone.

787 [531] Possession by Papa gadu does not have the bestial character of possession by Kumfuti; outside of the dances, it does not involve brutish gestures or bizarre acts; the possessed woman hums softly in a shrill voice, moving with graceful gestures. /212/ Sometimes she draws strange signs on the hut; the Boni state that that is a kind of writing, that other possessed people

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Boni

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Fig. 26. Woman possessed by a Papa gadi god.

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Fig. 27. Dance of possession (Papa gadi worship).

NrNordenskiöld E-S (1908-1909, 1913) 1920
SP10 Chiriguano SP10
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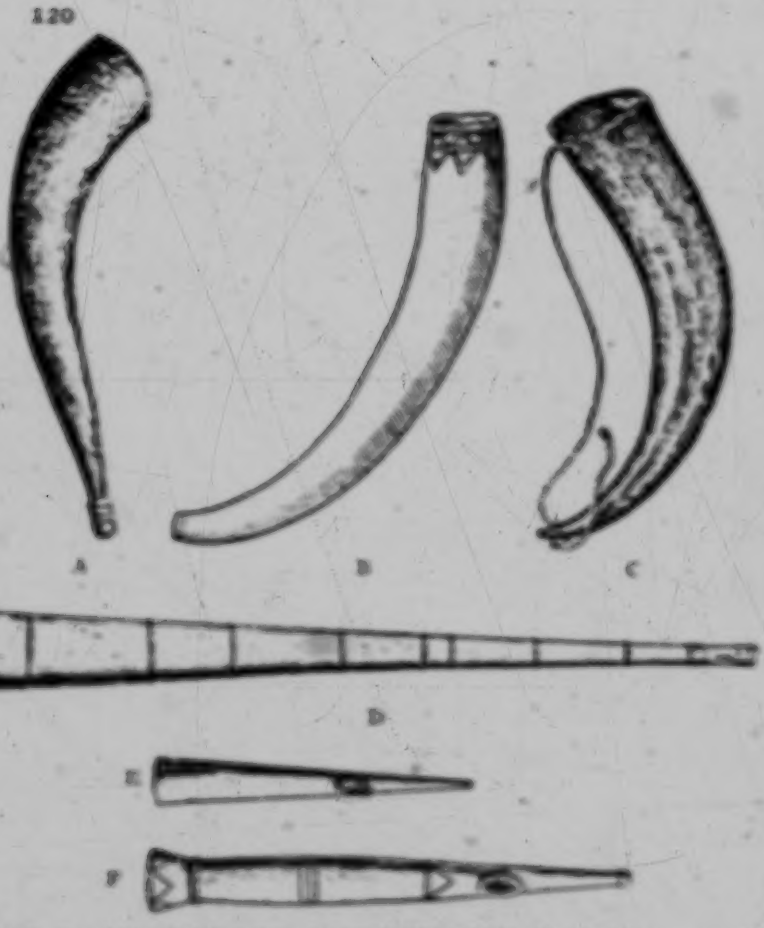

Fig. 37. A. End-blown trumpet made of cowhorn. Chiriguano. R. M. E. 67. 1/9
B. End-blown trumpet made from a calabash. Chiriguano. R. M. E. 320. 1/6
C. Side-blown trumpet made of cowhorn. British Guiana. Collection of Leuzinger—Taylor. G. M. 11. 1. 50. 1/9
D. Side-blown trumpet made of wood. Pernambuco(?). Brazil. R. M.
E. Side-blown trumpet made of tin-plate. Bush-negroes. Surinam. Collection of Baron Klinckowstroem. R. M. E. 209. 1/9
F. Side-blown trumpet made of wood. Bushnegroes. Surinam. Collection of Klinckowstroem. R. M. E. 69. 1/9